

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



WASTED COMPLIMENTS.

LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER XXVII.—SOCIETY.

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."
—*Goldsmith.*

[T has been already hinted that Miss Goldie had "come out." She was rather young, perhaps; but there were good reasons, as her mother thought, for

not deferring her introduction to society. She was dull, it would enliven her; she was serious and thoughtful, it would dissipate that undesirable tendency. She was getting pale and thin; a little "seasonable" excitement would perhaps restore the glow to her cheeks and the roundness to her arms. Above all, she had got ideas into her head, and it was most important that they should be got out again, and that could only be done by proposing other ideas in their stead. Thus argued Mrs. Goldie.

No. 1371.—APRIL 6, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

So Amy had been introduced; she had dined out; had danced at her first ball; had listened to some compliments; had heard her neighbours talked over, and had been talked over herself by her neighbours. Finally, she had seen a great deal of Mr. Adolphus, rumoured to be of very good family, with fair prospects, though a younger son, and it was rumoured with brilliant possibilities.

The experiment had not succeeded so far. Miss Goldie did not enjoy her dinners or her dances. She was not fond of gossip; and though she seemed to like Mr. Adolphus very well, her only conversation with him was about the counting-house, and the present manager, and the late manager, and the shipping generally, and the ship *Daphne* in particular, and what news had been heard, or ought to have been heard of her by this time, and so forth. Mr. Adolphus was glad to have a subject in which he could interest and entertain her, and used to tell her she was so fond of commerce that she would be bound to ally herself with one of the great commercial houses; or, in other words, to marry a commercial man, a character to which, in spite of all he said about the "tank" and other inconveniences of Lombardy Court, he had made up his mind sooner or later to attain.

Mrs. Goldie often remonstrated with her daughter on the inconsistency of her conduct, urging her to assume a more genial and encouraging behaviour towards society. It was incomprehensible to her how the thought of that young man, Charles Peterson, could exercise so great an influence over Amy, and create in her such evident distaste for all the allurements of the distinguished circle in which she had now an opportunity of moving; to say nothing of Mr. Adolphus, who was paying her so much attention. If Mrs. Goldie could have been informed of the subject which always came uppermost in that gentleman's conversation with her daughter she would have been still more surprised and disappointed.

Mrs. Goldie was painfully aware that it was in great measure her own and her husband's act in sending Charles Peterson away to so great a distance that had turned the young girl's heart and mind so persistently towards him. It was on her account, Amy said to herself, that Charley had been hurried off to the other side of the world. She was the unhappy cause, or at least the occasion of his banishment. It was she who had been the means, however unwillingly, of doing him this injury. She had sent him into perils, sufferings, and hardships, which her own fears had at first exaggerated, but which were now likely, as every one confessed, to turn out only too real. Yet she dared not make any inquiries about him, except secretly and indirectly. She could not even mention his name to her parents, lest she should be misunderstood and reproved. Mrs. Peterson, also, was punished for her sake. That was of even greater consequence, Amy thought, or thought she thought so. It was very hard upon the poor mother to lose her son who might have been such a comfort to her; it was cruel; it was inexcusable; and she herself was the cause of it. No one blamed her, of course, but she blamed herself, and wondered Mrs. Peterson did not hate the sight of her. Perhaps neither the mother nor the son had any distinct idea of the evil influence which she had so unwillingly exercised upon their destinies, but Amy herself lamented it continually, and wept over it in secret. She pitied them both from her very heart, and pity, as it is well known, moves the heart to love.

The only thing she could do to express her sympathy was to go often to see Mrs. Peterson. Her parents would have made difficulties about it, but they thought it better to let things take their course; they had done mischief enough already by their interference. The fancy, they hoped, would wear itself out or give way before other attractions, and as there was nobody but the widow in the house at the time of Amy's visits, it could not much signify. So Amy went nearly every day to Mrs. Peterson's and read to her and listened to the good lady's oft-told tales about her daughter who was in heaven and her son who was on the seas; and sometimes they would sit side-by-side and hand-in-hand for a long while without speaking, and yet affording no little comfort to each other by the sympathy and communion of their silent thoughts.

There was to be a dinner-party at Mr. Goldie's on the evening of that day on which the events occurred which are described in our last chapter. It was Mrs. Goldie's party, not her husband's; there was a distinction and a difference both in the entertainment and the entertained, which was well understood by the visitors. Mr. Goldie was old-fashioned, and gave very good dinners, but with less pomp and ceremony than is customary now. He liked to see his dinner on the table, and to be allowed to enjoy it without the incessant handing of dishes and changing of plates, which are inseparable from the higher and more artistic efforts in the art of dining. He hated competition, he used to say, in every shape, but, above all things, he disliked it in the extravagancies of modern society. When Mr. Goldie gave a dinner-party, therefore, his guests knew what they had to expect, and generally expected it with quite as much pleasure, and went away from it with as much satisfaction, as if they had been invited to a more elaborate and *recherché* style of banqueting. His guests on these occasions were men of his own standing—merchants, City men; responsible, active, full of information, full of thought; taking part in the affairs of the nation, some of them in the Senate, others in the direction of important social movements, working for the benefit of their fellow-men with no less energy and steadfastness of purpose than for themselves in their own particular callings. In a word, Mr. Goldie preferred to keep to his own station of life, and had every reason to be satisfied with it. There were equally good men above it and below it, and he had no wish to be exclusive; but as it was in his business so it was in his home; the force of habit prevailed, and changes of any kind were distasteful to him.

Mrs. Goldie would have been quite contented with these arrangements for her own part also, but for the sake of her daughter she was more ambitious. There was a higher stratum of society to which many of her neighbours had risen, or thought they had, and she aspired to move in the same circle with them. She had her visitors, therefore, as Mr. Goldie had his, and she cultivated the West End while he preferred the City. The two sets never clashed, though of course she was intimate with both. But it was well understood who was to meet whom, and the style of the entertainment was accommodated to the company. The aristocratic guests, as they were called, were treated with more ceremony and feasted in a grander and more extravagant manner than Mr. Goldie's friends, and the result was usually in the same ratio more uncomfortable and unsatisfactory to all concerned. Mrs. Goldie would have been at a

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loss how to manage her great dinners; but in the prospect of Miss Goldie's introduction to society, she had engaged a most superior butler, who knew everything. He had lived in the highest families, and undertook to manage his department without any interference either from his principal or his lady. Under Mr. Upperly's control, and with the assistance of his staff of cooks and waiters, who were hired for every important occasion, dining—or it should rather be said "entertaining"—was made easy, and Mrs. Goldie's fashionable dinners were generally voted a success. There were some censorious persons, however, who had been heard to remark that Mrs. Goldie had not got among the real aristocracy after all, whatever she might think, and that she would have done better to be satisfied with her own position, which was good enough and honourable enough for anybody or anybody's daughter, if she would but think so.

The party at which our readers are invited to "assist" was Mrs. Goldie's, but not one of her grandest. It was in a friendly way, and quite quiet. That is to say, there were only to be about half-a-dozen guests, but they were "good people," and were to be treated accordingly, under the direction of Mr. Upperly. Mrs. Goldie was particularly anxious that Amy should put on her best looks and her most pleasing manners on this occasion, and went herself into her room in good time to see about her dress and toilet. "There are only three or four people, you know, Amy," she said, anxious to propitiate her; "but I should like you to look nice, of course. There will be the Peachys and the Bellairs, and the Fitz-Robinsons and Mr. Adolphus, and one or two more. What are you going to put on?"

Amy turned away impatiently, opened one of her drawers, and took out the first dress that came to hand.

"That dowdy thing won't do," said Mrs. Goldie, "nor this; you have really no taste and no proper pride in your appearance; you might as well not have come out at all if you are to go on in this way."

Amy thought she would like, if possible, to go in again; she was poorly and out of spirits, and did not enjoy the prospect of the dinner-party.

"Have you thought what you will play and sing this evening?" her mother asked. "You ought to have tried something over."

"Oh! Miss Peachy will sing, and Miss Bellairs. I shall not be wanted."

"You will be asked to sing, of course; it would be very rude indeed if you were not. Mr. Adolphus will be sure to ask you if nobody else does, he admires your voice so much. And don't sing any of those foolish English things, or Scotch."

"I don't know any Irish things," said Amy, waywardly, "except 'Charming Judy Callaghan.'"

"Don't be so provoking. Sing something Italian, of course, or German."

"Nobody who is coming to-night understands Italian or German," said Miss Goldie.

"That is of no consequence. Everybody appreciates the foreign style, and everybody is supposed to understand it. Miss Peachy sings Italian whether she understands it or not, and the Fitz-Robinsons have been at Rome. As for Mr. Adolphus, he is as well-educated as most men, and has been at the University."

"I know it; he told me so. He left because there

was 'not the smallest chance of ever getting through an exam, don't you know.'"

"Mr. Adolphus always makes the worst of himself. There is more in him than any one would think. He is studying commerce just to occupy his time, and will probably look much higher by-and-by."

Amy smiled superciliously; not at Mr. Adolphus, but at the motive which she knew lay at the foundation of this panegyric. She liked Mr. Adolphus well enough. He was a good-tempered, amusing young fellow, and he told her all that he knew or could find out about the Daphne. He was sincere and kind-hearted too, if not overwise. Therefore she was always glad to be on friendly terms with him. Mr. Adolphus, on the other hand, thought Amy as nice a girl as he had ever met, but had scarcely sufficient vanity to think that she would ever care for him, and was not yet aware how much, how very much, he cared for her.

"You will be expected to sing, of course," said Mrs. Goldie, returning to the charge. "You have had the best masters, and ought to make proper use of your talents. Besides, you must do as other people do, or you will be talked about, and that does so much harm. So be a good girl, Amy, do, and make yourself agreeable."

Amy sighed, but suffered herself to be finished by her maid, under Mrs. Goldie's direction, though with less of decoration than that lady would have desired, and they went down to the drawing-room to receive their guests. Mr. Goldie was already there, looking tired and jaded. He wished there had been no company coming, he said, and felt much more disposed to go to bed than to sit up and entertain them. He was thinking of Mr. Jones, and of old Mrs. Salter, and of poor Mrs. Peterson, and wondering what he could do to break the blow to them if it should come, as he had begun to fear it would, when the Daphne should be heard of. He had never been so anxious about any ship before, nor ever thought so much of those whose hearts and lives were bound up in his merchandise.

The visitors arrived, not too early, but quite soon enough for Mr. Goldie, and there was the usual effort at conversation about nothing until the gong sounded, and Mr. Upperly, preceded by a footman to throw the door wide open for him, announced that dinner was on the table. The hum of voices ceased, and Mrs. Goldie did the honours in pairing off her guests.

"Mr. Bellairs, will you take Mrs. Fitz-Robinson? Mr. Fitz-Robinson, will you take Miss Peachy? Mr. Adolphus, will you take Miss Goldie?"

"Will you take Miss Goldie?" The words sounded very pleasant. Yes; certainly he would take her. As he offered her his arm he gazed down at her face, and thought how very nice she looked. Amy seemed to understand his admiring look, and to know what was passing in his mind. She looked cool and indifferent, for she, too, could show her thoughts in her manner. Mr. Adolphus felt himself rebuked and unhappy.

It was a quiet party, but the prescribed ceremonies had to be gone through; Mr. Upperly took care of that. The side dishes were handed round, and removed untasted, as usual, and everything went on slowly and somewhat drearily until the ladies left the room. The gentlemen then got to talking more freely, but there was not much liveliness in their mirth; for Mr. Goldie was taciturn, and as soon as coffee had been served, rose and led the way to the drawing-room.

The piano had already made itself heard, and they found a young lady in the midst of her performance. She was famed for the brilliancy of her execution, and the grand piano was opened wide that it might have full effect. The louder she played the louder the company talked, and when she finished suddenly, many voices were heard shouting, but they ceased at once, and after a short pause expressed their admiration of the performance. "Wonderful execution! Great brilliancy of touch! Grand style, to be sure! Very; yes; oh, very!"

After that a young lady was conducted to the instrument, and sang a modern English ballad about somebody who was in the constant habit of meeting somebody else in a variety of places and under all sorts of romantic and affecting conditions. It was difficult, however, to appreciate the sentiment fully, as the singer's voice was not strong, and she seemed to be so much under the influence of her emotions that she could only articulate the first and last words of each line, breathing the intermediate syllables softly to herself. The feelings of the company were trifled with, therefore, after this manner:—

"Met her...hill...whispered tale...calm, still...vale.

Met her...copses...birdies sing...mountain tops...ternal spring.

Met her...grove...once again...shadows wove...verdant plain.

Met her...sea...pebbly shore...lost to me...evermore."

The song was applauded, however, and "just one verse" begged for over again, in answer to which the performer gave them the whole, which was what they deserved.

Miss Goldie was next requested to favour the company, but excused herself for the moment. So Miss Peachy, who had been observed to smile superciliously at the last performance, and who was well known to have a magnificent voice herself, consented to sing instead. She chose a pretty sentimental song about the sun in the west, sinking slow behind the trees, and the cuckoo, welcome guest, softly wooing the evening breeze. There was no soft wooing, however, in Miss Peachy's "rendering" of the song. Every word of it was given with full power, and the "cuckoo" especially came forth with such sharpness and vigour as to make those who were sitting near her almost spring out of their seats.

But they thanked her very much when she had done—perhaps because she had done—and remarked what a wonderful voice it was, how full, and fresh, and vigorous.

"It's grand," said Mr. Adolphus to Amy in an undertone; "grand, like the piano, with the top open, don't you know, and the pedal down. And the cuckoo was like that shop in Holborn, where there are thirty or forty clocks all going at once, and thirty or forty cuckoos all come out of little doors, if you happen to go in at twelve o'clock, and keep bobbing at you, don't you know, and insulting you till go you out again."

There was an interval of silence after Miss Peachy's song, which was a pleasant change.

"How well Amy is looking this evening," Miss Peachy remarked to Mrs. Goldie, anxious to say something civil in return for a complimentary notice of her song.

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes; she always dresses with such taste."

Mrs. Goldie looked at her guest to see whether she was in earnest.

"She ought to have had something in her hair,"

she said; "but she has such an objection to everything that is not quite plain and simple."

"It suits her so well," Miss Peachy answered. "It would not do for everybody, of course; but dear Amy would look well in anything." Miss Peachy had a small flower-garden upon her own head.

"Yes," said Mr. Adolphus, who had overheard the remark, "'Beauty when unadorned,' don't you know. I forget the rest."

"Oh, Mr. Adolphus, you ought not to listen, really; it's not fair. But I was going to say Amy is so good, so sweet—and goodness is better than beauty, is it not?"

"Of course," said Mr. Adolphus. "But beauty and virtue, don't you know, blended together, need no adornment, don't you know, from ribbon or feather, don't you know."

"I declare, Mr. Adolphus, you are quite a poet," said Miss Peachy, glancing at the mirror in order to assure herself that there was neither ribbon nor feather in her own parterre—"quite a fine poet."

"No," said Mr. Adolphus, modestly; "I don't think the lines are my own; I don't know who wrote them, though. Longfellow, or some other fellow, perhaps."

"But you do write poetry, I know."

Mr. Adolphus would not contradict a lady, and sauntered away to where Miss Goldie was sitting, and again entreated her to sing. He offered her his hand to conduct her to the piano, but she declined it. Catching her mother's eye, she felt somewhat rebuked, and went alone to the piano. Certainly she was not in an amiable temper to-night, however she might "look."

"What shall I sing?" she asked, when she was seated, rather because she was at a loss than from any intention of letting him choose for her.

"Old Robin Gray," said he. "I have not heard you sing it for an age."

"No," she replied; "I have forgotten it, or nearly."

"You couldn't forget it, I'm sure," he answered. "You used to sing it so sweetly, don't you know, and without your notes. You will remember it again if you will try."

But Amy was silent, and turned over the leaves of the music with uncertain fingers. No, she had not forgotten it. But to sing it was out of the question. She was unhappy, and she felt sure that the pathos of the song would be too much for her; she should break down in the middle, and there would be a scene. The very mention of the song brought some lines of it so vividly to her mind that for a few moments she could scarcely trust herself to speak:—

"To make the crown a pun'

My Jamie gaed to sea,

And the crown and the pun'

Oh! they were baith for me."

"Do sing it," said Mr. Adolphus.

"No," said Amy; "there is nothing here that I can sing. I will play something instead."

"That's very nice," Mr. Adolphus said, when she had done playing and the plaudits of the company had ceased. "I like that; what is it called?" He had been turning over the leaves for her, though not at all sure of his ground, and he looked at the music before him to read the name.

"That is not the piece," she said. "I was playing something else, without notes."

"Really! well now, I was turning over for you, don't you know."

"I was not aware of it. I did not observe it," she replied.

Mr. Adolphus felt rather small. He reflected for a moment, and then came to the conclusion that Amy Goldie was out of sorts; he might have noticed it before. She had something upon her mind; what could it be? "A penny for your thoughts," he exclaimed, looking straight into her face; but he saw something in her eyes which made him turn away, startled and rebuked, and Amy rose and walked across the room to a vacant chair near where her father was sitting.

Just then Mr. Uppery entered, and went quietly to Mr. Goldie. He stooped and said something to the old man in a low voice, which seemed to startle and surprise him. He had been half asleep, and had scarcely spoken to any one since dinner, but he rose up now in haste.

"What? Who? Mr. Peterson? Where?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Peterson, sir, in the hall."

Mr. Goldie hurried out of the room without another word, and Amy, who had heard the name "Peterson," rose to follow him, but stopped and sat down again. A glance to Mr. Adolphus brought him to her side.

"My father!" she exclaimed; "did you observe him? There is some one to see him—from the City. He seemed agitated."

"Shall I go?" he asked, understanding her look.

"Yes; he is not well; go and see what it is, and come and tell me."

"All right," said Adolphus; and pleased at finding himself to be of some recognised utility and importance, he instantly left the room.

John Peterson was in the hall.

"Oh, Mr. Goldie," he exclaimed, "there is news at last of the Daphne."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh yes, sir, yes." He could scarcely speak, but wrung his hands distractedly and turned away.

"What is it?" Mr. Goldie exclaimed, sharply. "Speak!"

"Lost, sir! lost!"

"All lost? not all!" the merchant gasped.

"No; one boat saved, the other missing."

"And your brother?"

That was Mr. Goldie's first thought; that was his chief anxiety now. If only Charles Peterson were safe, all the rest would have seemed at that moment of comparatively little consequence.

"Your brother?" he asked again, with trembling voice.

"Charley is lost—missing—drowned!" he cried, and burying his face in his hands, he broke into sobs.

A moment later Mrs. Goldie was called in haste from the room, Amy following her. Mr. Goldie was in the dining-room, supported upon a chair by Mr. Adolphus, and Uppery with a salver and glass. He soon revived, and told them not to be alarmed.

"What is it?" Miss Goldie asked, going up to John Peterson; "what is it? tell me."

He shook his head and turned away from her without a word.

"Is the ship lost?" she asked, addressing Mr. Adolphus.

"Yes."

"And the crew and passengers?"

"Saved, most of them, I hope."

Then she could restrain herself no longer.

"Charley!" she exclaimed; "oh, Charley! what of him?"

Mr. Adolphus shook his head sadly.

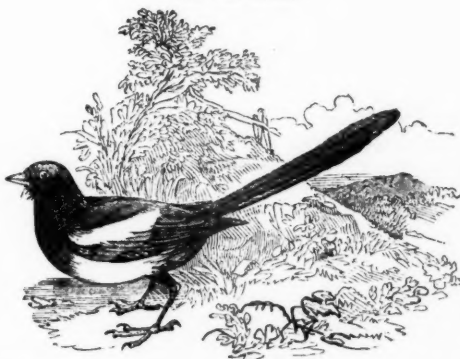
"Tell me," she said; "I must know, for his mother's sake."

"I'm afraid he's drowned."

Amy stood still for a moment; the room seemed to swim around her; the floor rose up to meet her. "For his mother's sake," she said again, forcing herself to articulate the words, and then fainted. Mr. Adolphus caught her in his arms, but was very glad to resign her to Mrs. Goldie's care. He waited till she was restored and had been assisted from the room, and then put on his overcoat, and, taking John Peterson's arm, walked away with him from the house.

ENGLISH FOLK-LORE.

THE MAGPIE.



THE magpie is generally looked upon as a mysterious bird, and in this country it is the source of much superstition. There is a wide-spread notion that it is very unlucky to see magpies under certain conditions, and we find scattered here and there various rhymes illustrative of this idea. a very popular one being—

"One is sorrow, Two mirth, Three a wedding, Four a birth."

This varies in different localities, and with sundry additions, but always with ominous expressions. Thus, to quote from Grose, "It is unlucky to see first one magpie and then more; but to see two denotes marriage or merriment; three, a successful journey; four, an unexpected piece of good news; five, you will shortly be in a great company." In Devonshire, in order to avert the ill-luck from seeing a single magpie, the peasant spits over his right shoulder three times, repeating the following words:—

"Clean birds by sevens,
Unclean by twos;
One dove in the heavens
Is the one I choose."

In Yorkshire, to break the same charm, various practices are in use. One consists in raising the hat as a salutation; another in signing the cross on the breast; another in making the same sign by crossing

the thumbs. "In Lancashire," says Brand, "among the vulgar it is accounted very unlucky to see two magpies—called there 'pynots'; in Northumberland, 'pyanots,'—together." In Tim Bobbin's "Lancashire Dialect" we read: "I saigh tuo rotl'n pynots, thae wur a sign o' bad fashin; for I heard my gronny say hoode os leef o seen tuo owd harries os tuo pynots." Thus in some parts of the North they say,—

"Magpie, magpie, chatter and glee,
Turn up the tail, and good luck fall me."

In Scotland the same superstition prevails regarding this bird. In Morayshire, and no doubt in other parts of Scotland, it is believed that magpies flying near the windows of a house portend a speedy death to some inmate.

Magpies are ranked among omens by Shakespeare. In *Henry VI* (Act v. sc. 6) he says,—

"The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords rang."

And in *Macbeth*,—

"Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secretst man of blood."

Magpies, says a writer in the *"Standard"* (Jan. 20th, 1877), are mysterious everywhere, but our English magpie stories pale before those of the true Northland. A lady, we are told, living near Carlsbad, in Sweden, grievously offended a Finn woman who came into the court of her house asking for food. The woman was told to "take that magpie hanging up on the wall and eat it." She took the bird and disappeared, with an evil glance at the lady who had been so ill-advised as to insult a Finn, whose magical powers it is well known far exceed those of the gipsies. Nothing happened for a time, but by-and-bye the lady began to observe that wherever she went one or two magpies always made their appearance in her path. Presently the number increased, and the lady, who had first been amused, became troubled, and tried to drive them away by various devices. All was to no purpose; she could not move without a large company of magpies; and they became at length so daring as to hop on her shoulders, pull her dress, and peck at her feet as she walked. When she could bear it no longer, she shut herself up in her house, but the magpies were always waiting at the door, and hopped in whenever it was opened. Then she took to her bed, in a room with closed shutters. Yet even this was not an effectual protection, for she heard the magpies tapping on the shutters day and night. The death of the lady is not recorded. Possibly, says the writer, she is still "dreeing her weird," but it is fully expected that, die when she may, all the magpies in Wernland will be present at her funeral.

The legend expresses the feeling of the Finns under a sense of the contemptuous superiority shown by their Swedish neighbours, but the part given to the magpies curiously illustrates the superstition connected with the bird.

Alexander Ross, in his Appendix to the *"Arcana Microsome,"* informs us that in the time of King Charles VIII of France, the battle that was fought between the French and Britons, in which the Britons were overthrown, was foreshadowed by a skirmish between the magpies and jackdaws.

The half-nest of the magpie, says Halliwell, in his

"Popular Rhymes," is accounted for by a rural ornithological legend. Once on a time, when the world was very young, the magpie, by some accident or another, although she was quite as cunning as she is at present, was the only bird that was unable to build a nest. In this perplexity she applied to the other members of the feathered race, who kindly undertook to instruct her. So, on a day appointed, they assembled for that purpose, and the materials having been collected, the blackbird said, "Place that stick there," suiting the action to the word, as she commenced the work. "Ah," said the magpie, "I knew that afore." The other birds followed with their suggestions, but to every piece of advice the magpie kept saying, "Ah, I knew that afore." At length, when the bridal habitation was half finished, the patience of the company was fairly exhausted by the pertinacious conceit of the pye, so they all left her with the exclamation, "Well, Mistress Mag, as you seem to know all about it, you may e'en finish the nest yourself." Their resolution was obdurate and final, and to this day the magpie exhibits the effects of partial instruction by her miserably incomplete abode.

Smith, in his *"History of Cork,"* says the magpie was not known in Ireland seventy years before the time at which he wrote, about 1746. Tradition says also that they were driven over to Ireland from England during a storm.* Sir William Hooker, in his *"Tour in Iceland"* in 1809, remarks that a tradition in Iceland says the magpie was imported into that country by the English out of spite. In Norway, that the magpie and other birds may share the festivities of the season, the people place a sheaf of corn at the end of their houses. Mr. Henderson, in his *"Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England,"* gives the following curious anecdote upon the magpie. He says: "Well do I remember, when a boy ten or twelve years old, driving an old lady in a pony-carriage to visit a friend in a secluded part of the county of Durham. Half our journey was made, when, without a word of warning, the reins were suddenly snatched out of my hand, and the pony brought to a stand. Full of astonishment, I looked to my companion for some explanation of this assault on my independence. I saw her gazing with intense interest on a magpie then crossing the road. After a pause of some seconds she exclaimed, after a sigh, 'Oh, the nasty bird! Turn back, turn back!' and back we turned." An old tradition explains the origin of the ill-luck that is supposed to arise from meeting a magpie in the following way: It was the only bird that refused to enter the ark with Noah and his folk, preferring to perch itself on the roof of the ark, and to jabber over the drowning and perishing world. Ever since it has been regarded unlucky to meet this defiant and disobedient bird.

THE SWALLOW.

The swallow, from its great familiarity with man, and the trustfulness, says Wood, "with which it fixes its domicile under the shelter of human habitations, is generally held as an almost sacred bird, in common with the robin and the wren." Hence it is considered highly unlucky to injure it in any way; and heavy misfortune is said to overtake those who are cruel enough to put this favourite bird to death.

* See Yarrell's *"British Birds,"* 1856, vol. II. p. 120.

This superstition has probably come down to us from the ancients, by whom the swallow, *Celina*, tells us, was held sacred to their penates, or household gods, and therefore carefully preserved. It was also anciently honoured as the harbinger of spring-time, and Athenæus relates that the Rhodians had a solemn anniversary song to welcome it in. In some parts of England the 15th of April is called "Swallow Day," on account of its arrival about this time.

The swallow is still partly regarded by us as an unlucky bird, and in many cases its presence is regarded as the forerunner of death. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" tells us that, when one day visiting the sick child of a poor woman, a girl about twelve years of age, she had the following remark made to her by the mother: "A swallow lit upon her shoulder, ma'am, a short time since, as she was walking home from church, and that is a sure sign of death."

On the other hand, it is considered an omen of good luck for a martin or a swallow to build its nest on the roof of a house, but just the reverse for it to leave and forsake a place which it has once tenanted. By the Germans the swallow is much venerated, and its presence on a house is said not only to preserve it from fire and storms and various other dangers, but also from evil. With the Irish the swallow is certainly by no means a favourite, for by the vulgar it is called "the devil's bird," from a curious and strange belief that on every person's head there is a particular hair, which, if a swallow can succeed in plucking off, dooms the wretched and unfortunate individual to perdition. In Scotland, however, the pretty little yellowhammer goes by the name of "the devil's bird," and hence a superstitious dislike to it extends as far south as Northumberland. Its nest, therefore, says Chambers ("Popular Rhymes of Scotland"), "receives less mercy than that of almost any other bird. Its somewhat extraordinary appearance, all of one colour, and that an unusual one in birds, is the only imaginable cause of the antipathy with which it is regarded. The boys, who call it the yellow gosling or yellow gite, address it in the following rhyme of reproach:—

'Half a paddock, half a toad,
Half a yellow gosling,
Drinks a drap of the dell's bluid
Every May morning.'

Let us hope that a knowledge of "common things" in natural history will be included in the improved

education of the young, so that these silly superstitions may become obsolete.

Swallows are not without their share of weather-lore. Thus, whenever they fly near the ground, and often, too, touch the water with their wings, they are said to prognosticate rain. Gay, in his first pastoral, says:—

"When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear."

Parker, in his poem of "The Nightingale," published in the year 1632, speaking of swallows, says:—

'And if in Amy's hand she chance to dye,
'Tis counted ominous, I know not why."

Gaule notices, amongst superstitious omens, "the swallows falling down the chimney;" and Alexander Ross, in his appendix to the "Arcana Microsome," informs us that "in this land of late years our present miseries and unnatural wars have been forewarned by armies of swallows, martins, and other birds, fighting against one another." In the rural parts of Scotland boys delight in throwing stones at the swallow as it skims the pool in search of flies, its dainty food, crying,—

"Swallow, swallow, sail the water;
Ye'll get brose, and ye'll get butter."

There are scattered here and there many rhymes respecting the swallow, in which it is coupled with the martin. Thus, according to one,—

"The martin and the swallow
Are the Almighty's birds to hollow."

Here the word "hollow" most probably, says Halliwell ("Popular Rhymes"), is a corruption of the verb hallow, to keep holy.

Again, in Warwickshire there is a further variation of this rhyme:—

"The martin and the swallow
Are the Almighty's bow and arrow,"

in evident allusion to the speed of their flight. No irreverence is implied in these and other homely rhymes, any more than when the Hebrew poets spoke of thunder as the voice of God and the clouds His chariot.

There are many popular sayings associated with the habits of the swallow, and poetry has made much use of its return from its winter migration. There are proverbs also, a special form of folk-lore, as when we are reminded that "one swallow does not make a summer."

LETTERS FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD, AUTHOR OF "SIX MONTHS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS," ETC

VI.

Lower Canyon, Sept. 25th.—This is another world. My entrance upon it was signalised in this fashion. Chalmers offered me a *bronco* mare for a reasonable sum, and though she was a shifty, half-broken young thing, I came over here on her to try her, when, just as I was going away, she took into her head to "scare" and "buck," and when I touched her with my foot she leaped over a heap of timber, and the girth gave way, and the onlookers tell me that while she jumped I fell over her tail from a good height upon

the hard gravel, receiving a parting kick on my knee. They could hardly believe that no bones were broken. The flesh of my left arm looks crushed into a jelly, but cold-water dressings will soon bring it right; and a cut on my back bled profusely; and the bleeding, with many bruises and the general shake, have made me feel weak, but circumstances do not admit of "making a fuss," and I really think that the rents in my riding-dress will prove the most important part of the accident.

The surroundings here are pleasing. The log cabin, on the top of which a room with a steep, ornamental Swiss roof has been built, is in a valley close to a clear, rushing river, which emerges a little higher up from an inaccessible chasm of great sublimity. One side of the valley is formed by cliffs and terraces of porphyry as red as the reddest new brick, and at sunset blazing into vermillion. Through rifts in the nearer ranges there are glimpses of pine-clothed peaks, which, towards twilight, pass through every shade of purple and violet. The sky and the earth combine to form a Wonderland every evening—such rich, velvety colouring in crimson and violet; such an orange, green, and vermillion sky; such scarlet and emerald clouds; such an extraordinary dryness and purity of atmosphere, and then the glorious afterglow which seems to blend earth and heaven! For colour, the Rocky Mountains beat all I have seen. The air has been cold, but the sun bright and hot during the last few days.

The story of my host is a story of misfortune. It indicates who should *not* come to Colorado.* He and his wife are under thirty-five. The son of a London physician in large practice, with a liberal education in the largest sense of the word, unusual culture and accomplishments, and the partner of a physician in good practice in the second city in England, he showed symptoms which threatened pulmonary disease. In an evil hour he heard of Colorado, with its "unrivalled climate, boundless resources," etc., and, fascinated not only by these material advantages, but by the notion of being able to found or reform society on advanced social theories of his own, he became an emigrant. Mrs. H. is one of the most charming, cultured, and loveable women I have ever seen, and their marriage is an ideal one. Both are fitted to shine in any society, but neither had the slightest knowledge of domestic and farming details. Dr. H. did not know how to saddle or harness a horse. Mrs. H. did not know whether you should put an egg into cold or hot water when you meant to boil it! They arrived at Longmont, bought up this claim, rather for the beauty of the scenery than for any substantial advantages, were cheated in land, goods, oxen, everything, and, to the discredit of the settlers, seem to be regarded as fair game. Everything has failed with them, and though they "rise early, and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness," they hardly keep their heads above water. A young Swiss girl, devoted to them both, works as hard as they do. They have one horse, no waggon, some poultry, and a few cows, but no "hired man." It is the hardest and least ideal struggle that I have ever seen made by educated people. They had all their experience to learn, and they have bought it by losses and hardships. That they have learnt so much surprises me. Dr. H. and these two ladies built the upper room and the addition to the house without help. He has cropped the land himself, and has learned the difficult art of milking cows. Mrs. H. makes all the clothes required for a family of six, and her evenings, when the hard day's work is done and she is ready to drop from fatigue, are spent in mending and patching. The day is one long *grind*, without rest or enjoyment, or the pleasure of chance intercourse with cultivated people. The

few visitors who have "happened in" are the thrifty wives of prosperous settlers, full of housewifely pride, whose one object seems to be to make Mrs. H. feel her inferiority to themselves. I wish she did take a more genuine interest in the "coming-on" of the last calf, the prospects of the squash crop, and the yield and price of butter; but though she has learned to make excellent butter and bread, it is all against the grain. The children are delightful. The little boys are refined, courteous, childish gentlemen, with love and tenderness to their parents in all their words and actions. Never a rough or harsh word is heard within the house. But the atmosphere of struggles and difficulties has already told on these infants. They consider their mother in all things, going without butter when they think the stock is low, bringing in wood and water too heavy for them to carry, anxiously speculating on the winter prospect and the crops, yet withal the most childlike and innocent of children.

One of the most painful things in the Western States and territories is the extinction of childhood. I have never seen any children, only debased imitations of men and women, cankered by greed and selfishness, and asserting and gaining complete independence of their parents at ten years old. The atmosphere in which they are brought up is one of greed, godlessness, and frequently of profanity. Consequently these sweet things seem like flowers in a desert.

Except for love, which here as everywhere raises life into the ideal, this is a wretched existence. The poor crops have been destroyed by grasshoppers over and over again, and that talent deified here under the name of "smartness" has taken advantage of Dr. H. in all bargains, leaving him with little except food for his children. Experience has been dearly bought in all ways, and this instance of failure might be a useful warning to professional men without agricultural experience not to come and try to make a living by farming in Colorado.

My time here has passed very delightfully in spite of my regret and anxiety for this interesting family. I should like to stay longer, were it not that they have given up to me their straw bed, and Mrs. H. and her baby, a wizened fretful child, sleep on the floor in my room, and Dr. H. on the floor downstairs, and the nights are frosty and chill. Work is the order of their day, and of mine, and at night, when the children are in bed, we three ladies patch the clothes and make shirts, and Dr. H. reads Tennyson's poems, or we speak tenderly of that world of culture and noble deeds which seems here "the land very far off," or Mrs. H. lays aside her work for a few minutes and reads some favourite passage of prose or poetry as I have seldom heard either read before, with a voice of large compass and exquisite tone, quick to interpret every shade of the author's meaning, and soft, speaking eyes, moist with feeling and sympathy. These are our halcyon hours, when we forget the needs of the morrow, and that men still buy, sell, cheat, and strive for gold, and that we are in the Rocky Mountains, and that it is near midnight. But morning comes hot and tiresome, and the never-ending work is oppressive, and Dr. H. comes in from the field two or three times in the day, dizzy and faint, and they console with each other, and I feel that the Colorado settler needs to be made of sterner stuff and to possess more adaptability.

To-day has been a very pleasant day for me

* The story is ended now. A few months after my visit Mrs. H. died a few days after her confinement, and was buried on the bleak hill-side, leaving her husband with five children under six years old, and Dr. H. is a prosperous man on one of the sunniest islands of the Pacific, with the devoted Swiss friend as his second wife.

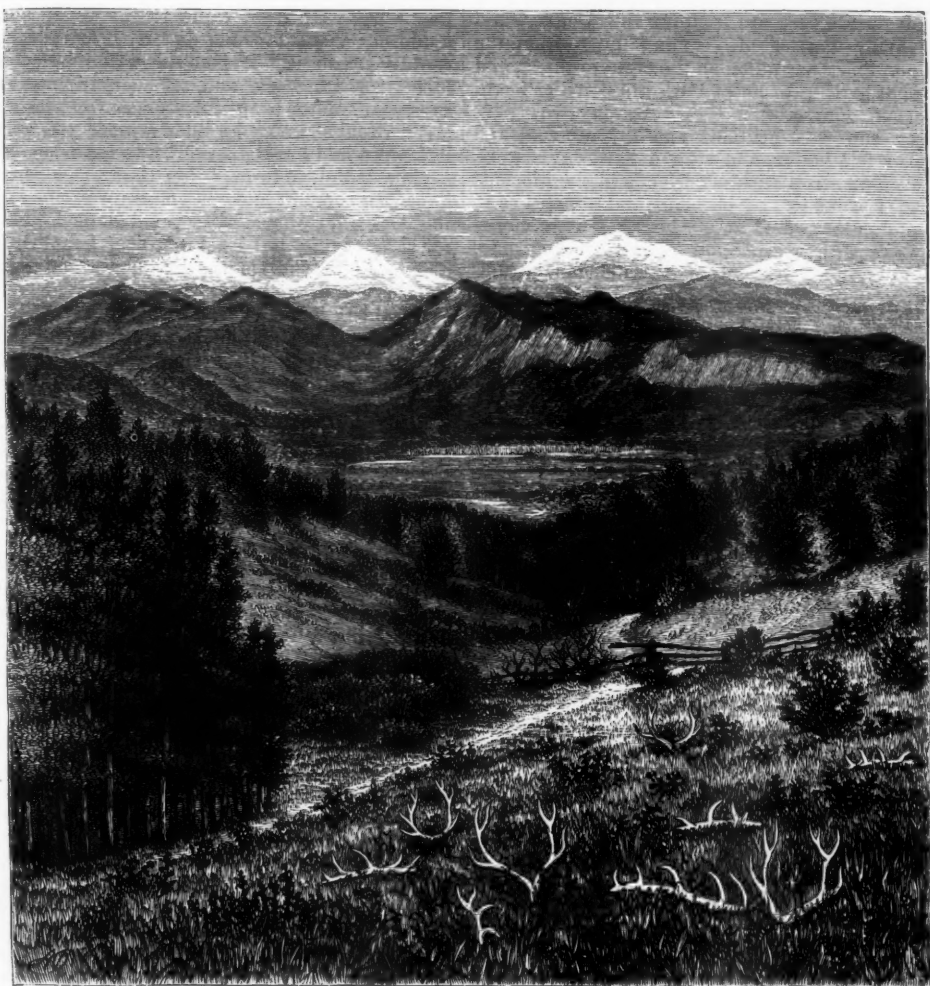
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though I have only once sat down since nine a.m. and it is now five p.m. I plotted that the devoted Swiss girl should go to the nearest settlement with two of the children for the day in a neighbour's wagon, and that Dr. and Mrs. H. should get an afternoon of rest and sleep upstairs, while I undertook to do

lbs. I pulled nearly a quarter of an acre of maize, but it was a scanty crop, and the husks were poorly filled. I much prefer field work to the scouring of greasy pans and to the wash-tub, and both to either sewing or writing.

This is not Arcadia. "Smartness," which consists



ESTES PARK.

the work and make something of a cleaning. I had a large "wash" of my own, having been hindered last week by my bad arm, but a clothes-wringer which screws on to the side of the tub is a great assistance, and by folding the clothes before passing them through it, I make it serve instead of mangle and iron. After baking the bread and thoroughly cleaning the churn and pails, I began upon the tins and pans, the cleaning of which had fallen into arrears, and was hard at work, very greasy and grimy, when a man came in to know where to ford the river with his ox-team, and as I was showing him he looked pityingly at me, saying, "Be you the new hired girl? Bless me, you're awful small!"

Yesterday we saved three cwt. of tomatoes for winter use, and about two tons of squash and pumpkin for the cattle, two of the former weighing 140

in over-reaching your neighbour in every fashion which is not illegal, is the quality which is held in the greatest repute, and Mammon is the divinity. From a generation brought up to worship the one and admire the other little can be hoped. In districts distant as this is from "Church Ordinances," there are three ways in which Sunday is spent: one, to make it a day for visiting, hunting, and fishing; another, to spend it in sleeping and abstinence from work; and the third, to continue all the usual occupations, consequently harvesting and felling and hauling timber are to be seen in progress. Last Sunday a man came here and put up a door, and said he didn't believe in the Bible or in a God, and he wasn't going to sacrifice his children's bread to old-fashioned prejudices. There is a manifest indifference to the higher obligations of the law,

"judgment, mercy, and faith;" but in the main the settlers are steady, there are few flagrant breaches of morals, industry is the rule, life and property are far safer than in England or Scotland, and the law of universal respect to women is still in full force.

The days are now brilliant and the nights sharply frosty. People are preparing for the winter. The tourists from the east are trooping into Denver, and the surveying parties are coming down from the mountains. Snow has fallen on the higher ranges, and my hopes of getting to Estes Park are down at Zero.

Longmount, September 25th.—Yesterday was perfect. The sun was brilliant and the air cool and bracing. I felt better, and after a hard day's work and an evening stroll with my friends in the glorious afterglow, I went to bed cheerful and hopeful as to the climate and its effect on my health. This morning I awoke with a sensation of extreme lassitude, and on going out, instead of the delicious atmosphere of yesterday, I found intolerable suffocating heat, a *blazing* (not *brilliant*) sun, and a sirocco like a Victorian hot wind. Neuralgia, inflamed eyes, and a sense of extreme prostration followed, and my acclimatised hosts were somewhat similarly affected. The sparkle, the crystalline atmosphere, and the glory of colour of yesterday had all vanished. We had borrowed a waggon, but Dr. H.'s strong but lazy horse and a feeble hired one made a poor span; and though the distance here is only twenty-two miles over level prairie, our tired animal, and losing the way three times, have kept us eight-and-a-half hours in the broiling sun. All notions of locality fail me on the prairie, and Dr. H. was not much better. We took wrong tracks, got entangled among fences, plunged through the deep mud of irrigation ditches, and were despondent. It was a miserable drive, sitting on a heap of fodder under the angry sun. Half-way here we camped at a river, now only a series of mud holes, and I fell asleep under the imperfect shade of a cottonwood-tree, dreading the thought of waking and jolting painfully along over the dusty prairie in the dust-laden, fierce sirocco, under the ferocious sun. We never saw man or beast the whole day.

This is the "Chicago Colony," and it is said to be prospering, after some preliminary land swindles. It is as uninviting as Fort Collins. We first came upon dust-coloured frame-houses set down at intervals on the dusty, buff plain, each with its dusty wheat or barley field adjacent, the crop, not the product of the rains of heaven, but of the muddy overflow of "Irrigating Ditch No. 2." Then comes a road made up of many converging waggon tracks, which stiffens into a wide, straggling street, in which glaring frame-houses and a few shops stand opposite to each other. A two-storey house, one of the whitest and most glaring, and without a verandah like all the others, is the "St. Vrain Hotel," called after the St. Vrain river, out of which the ditch is taken which enables Longmount to exist. Everything was broiling in the heat of the slanting sun, which all day long had been beating on the unshaded wooden rooms. The heat within was more sickening than outside, and black flies covered everything, one's face included. We all sat fighting the flies in my bedroom, which was cooler than elsewhere, till a glorious sunset over the Rocky Range, some ten miles off, compelled us to go out and enjoy it. Then followed supper, Western fashion, without table-cloths, and all the "unattached" men of Longmount came in and fed silently

and rapidly. It was a great treat to have tea to drink, as I had not tasted any for a fortnight. The landlord is a jovial, kindly man. I told him how my plans had failed, and how I was reluctantly going on to-morrow to Denver and New York, being unable to get to Estes Park, and he said there might yet be a chance of some one coming in to-night who would be going up. He soon came to my room, and asked definitely what I could do—if I feared cold, if I could "rough it," if I could "ride horseback and lope." Estes Park and its surroundings are, he says, "the most beautiful scenery in Colorado," and "it's a real shame," he added, "for you not to see it." We had hardly sat down to tea when he came, saying, "You're in luck this time; two young men have just come in and are going up to-morrow morning." I am rather pleased, and have hired a horse for three days; but I am not very hopeful, for I am almost ill of the smothering heat, and still suffer from my fall, and not having been on horseback since, thirty miles will be a long ride. Then I fear that the accommodation is as rough as Chalmers's, and that solitude will be impossible. We have been strolling in the street ever since it grew dark to get the little air which is moving.

Estes Park!!! Sept. 28th.—I wish I could let those three notes of admiration go to you instead of a letter. They mean everything that is rapturous and delightful—grandeur, cheerfulness, health, enjoyment, novelty, freedom, etc., etc. I have just dropped into the very place I have been seeking; but in everything it exceeds all my dreams. There is health in every breath of air; I am much better already, and get up to a seven o'clock breakfast without difficulty. It is quite comfortable—in the fashion that I like. I have a log cabin, raised on six posts, all to myself, with a skunk's lair underneath it, and a small lake close to it. There is a frost every night, and all day it is cool enough for a roaring fire. The ranchman, who is half hunter, half stockman, and his wife are jovial, hearty Welsh people from Llanberis, who laugh with loud, cheery British laughs, sing in parts down to the youngest child, are free-hearted and hospitable, and pile the pitch-pine logs half-way up the great rude chimney. There has been fresh meat each day since I came, delicious bread baked daily, excellent potatoes, tea and coffee, and an abundant supply of milk like cream. I have a clean hay bed, with six blankets, and there are neither bugs nor fleas. The scenery is the most glorious I have ever seen, and is above us, around us, at the very door. Most people have advised me to go to Colorado springs, and only one mentioned this place, and till I reached Longmount I never saw any one who had been here, but I saw from the lie of the country that it must be most superbly situated. People said, however, that it was most difficult of access, and that the season for it was over. In travelling there is nothing like dissecting people's statements, which are usually coloured by their estimate of the powers or likings of the person spoken to, making all reasonable inquiries, and then pertinaciously but quietly carrying out one's own plans. This is perfection, and all the requisites for health are present, including plenty of horses and grass to ride on.

It is not easy to sit down to write after ten hours of hard riding, especially in a cabin full of people, and wholesome fatigue may make my letter flat when it ought to be enthusiastic. I was awake all night at Longmount owing to the stifling heat, and got up

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nervous and miserable, ready to give up the thought of coming here, but the sunrise over the plains, and the wonderful red of the Rocky Mountains, as they reflected the eastern sky, put spirit into me. The landlord had got a horse, but could not give any satisfactory assurances of his being quiet, and being much shaken by my fall at Canyon, I earnestly wished that the "Greeley Tribune" had not given me a reputation for horsemanship, which had preceded me here. The young men who were to escort me "seemed very innocent," he said, but I have not arrived at his meaning yet. When the horse appeared in the street at 8.30, I saw, to my dismay, a high-bred, beautiful creature, stable-kept, with arched neck, quivering nostrils, and restless ears and eyes. My pack, as on Hawaii, was strapped behind the Mexican saddle, and my canvas bag hung on the horn, but the horse did not look fit to carry "gear," and seemed to require two men to hold and coax him. There were many loafers about, and I shrank from going out and mounting in my old Hawaiian riding-dress, though Dr. and Mrs. H. assured me that I looked quite "insignificant and unnoticeable." We got away at nine with repeated injunctions from the landlord in the words, "Oh, you should be heroic!"

The sky was cloudless, and a deep brilliant blue, and though the sun was hot the air was fresh and bracing. The ride, for glory and delight, I shall label along with one to Hanalei, and another to Mauna Kea, Hawaii. I felt better quite soon; the horse in gait and temper turned out perfection—all spring and spirit, elastic in his motion, walking fast and easily, and cantering with a light, graceful swing as soon as one pressed the reins on his neck; a blithe, joyous animal, to whom a day among the mountains seemed a pleasant frolic. So gentle he was, that when I got off and walked he followed me without being led, and without needing any one to hold him he allowed me to mount on either side. In addition to the charm of his movements, he has the cat-like sure-footedness of a Hawaiian horse, and fords rapid and rough-bottomed rivers, and gallops among stones and stumps, and down steep hills, with equal security. I could have ridden him a hundred miles as easily as thirty. We have only been together two days, yet we are firm friends, and thoroughly understand each other. I should not require another companion on a long mountain tour. All his ways are those of an animal brought up without curb, whip, or spur, trained by the voice, and used only to kindness, as is happily the case with the majority of horses in the Western States. Consequently they exercise their intelligence for your advantage, and do their work rather as friends than as machines.

I soon began not only to feel better, but to be exhilarated with the delightful motion. The sun was behind us, and puffs of a cool elastic air came down from the glorious mountains in front. We cantered across six miles of prairie, and then reached the beautiful canyon of the St. Vrain, which, towards its mouth, is a narrow, fertile, wooded valley, through which a bright rapid river, which we forded many times, hurries along, with twists and windings innumerable. Ah, how brightly its ripples danced in the glittering sunshine, and how musically its waters murmured like the streams of windward Hawaii! We lost our way over and over again, though the "innocent" young man had been there before; indeed, it would require some talent to master the intricacies of that devious trail, but settlers making hay always appeared

in the nick of time to put us on the right track. Very fair it was, after the brown and burning plains, and the variety was endless. Cottonwood-trees were green and bright, aspens shivered in golden tremulousness, wild grape-vines trailed their lemon-coloured foliage along the ground, and the Virginia creeper hung its crimson sprays here and there, lighting up green and gold into glory. Sometimes from under the cool and bowery shade of the coloured tangle, we passed into the cool St. Vrain, and then were wedged between its margin and lofty cliffs and terraces of incredible staring, fantastic rocks, lined, patched, and splashed with carmine, vermilion, greens of all tints, blue, yellow, orange, violet, deep crimson, colouring that no artist would dare to represent, and of which, in sober prose, I scarcely dare tell. Long's wonderful peaks, which hitherto had gleamed above the green, now disappeared, to be seen no more for twenty miles. We entered on an ascending valley, where the gorgeous hues of the rocks were intensified by the blue gloom of the pitch-pines, and then taking a track to the north-west, we left the softer world behind, and all traces of man and his works, and plunged into the Rocky Mountains.

There were wonderful ascents then up which I led my horse: wildly fantastic views opening up continually, a recurrence of surprises; the air keener and purer with every mile, the sensation of loneliness more singular. A tremendous ascent among rocks and pines to a height of 9,000 feet brought us to a passage seven feet wide through a wall of rock, with an abrupt descent of 2,000 feet, and a yet higher ascent beyond. I never saw anything so strange as looking back. It was a single gigantic ridge which we had passed through, standing up knife-like, built up entirely of great brick-shaped masses of bright-red rock, some of them as large as the Royal Institution, Edinburgh, piled one on another by Titans. Pitch-pines grew out of their crevices, but there was not a vestige of soil. Beyond, wall beyond wall of similar construction, and range above range rose into the blue sky. Fifteen miles more over great ridges, along passes dark with shadow, and so narrow that we had to ride in the beds of the streams which had excavated them, round the bases of colossal pyramids of rock crested with pines, up into fair upland "parks," scarlet in patches with the poison oak, parks so beautifully arranged by nature that I momentarily expected to come upon some stately mansion, but that afternoon crested blue jays and chipmonks had them all to themselves. Here, in the early morning, deer, bighorn, and the stately elk, come down to feed, and there, in the night, prowl and growl the Rocky Mountain lion, the grizzly bear, and the cowardly wolf. There were chasms of immense depth, dark with the indigo gloom of pines, and mountains with snow gleaming on their splintered crests, loveliness to bewilder and grandeur to awe, and still streams and shady pools, and cool depths of shadow; mountains again, dense with pines, among which patches of aspen gleamed like gold; valleys where the yellow cottonwood mingled with the crimson oak, and so, on and on through the lengthening shadows, till the trail, which in places had been hardly legible, became well defined, and we entered a long gulch with broad swellings of grass belted with pines.

A very pretty mare, hobbled, was feeding; a collie dog barked at us, and among the scrub, not far from the track, there was a rude, black log cabin, as rough

as it could be to be a shelter at all, with smoke coming out of the roof and window. We diverged towards it; it mattered not that it was the home, or rather den, of a notorious "ruffian" and "desperado." One of my companions had disappeared hours before, the remaining one was a town-bred youth. I longed to speak to some one who loved the mountains. I called the hut a *den*—it looked like the den of a wild beast. The big dog lay outside it in a threatening attitude and growled. The mud roof was covered with lynx, beaver, and other furs laid out to dry, beaver paws were pinned out on the logs, a part of the carcass of a deer hung at one end of the cabin, a skinned beaver lay in front of a heap of peltry just within the door, and antlers of deer, old horseshoes, and offal of many animals, lay about the den. Roused by the growling of the dog, his owner came out, a broad, thickset man, about the middle height, with an old cap on his head, and wearing a grey hunting-suit much the worse for wear (almost falling to pieces in fact), a digger's scarf knotted round his waist, a knife in his belt, and "a bosom friend," a revolver, sticking out of the breast-pocket of his coat; his feet, which were very small, were bare, except for some dilapidated moccasins made of horse hide. The marvel was how his clothes hung together, and on him. The scarf round his waist must have had something to do with it. His face was remarkable. He is a man about forty-five, and must have been strikingly handsome. He has large grey-blue eyes, deeply set, with well-marked eyebrows, a handsome aquiline nose, and a very handsome mouth. His face was smooth-shaven except for a dense moustache and imperial. Tawny hair, in thin uncared-for curls, fell from under his hunter's cap and over his collar. One eye was entirely gone, and the loss made one side of the face repulsive, while the other might have been modelled in marble. "Desperado" was written in large letters all over him. I almost repented of having sought his acquaintance. His first impulse was to swear at the dog, but on seeing a lady he contented himself with kicking him, and coming up to me he raised his cap, showing as he did so a magnificently-formed brow and head, and in a cultured tone of voice asked if there were anything he could do for me? I asked for some water, and he brought some in a battered tin, gracefully apologising for not having anything more presentable. We entered into conversation, and as he spoke I forgot both his reputation and appearance, for his manner was that of a chivalrous gentleman, his accent refined, and his language easy and elegant. I inquired about some beavers' paws which were drying, and in a moment they hung on the horn of my saddle. *Apropos* of the wild animals of the region, he told me that the loss of his eye was owing to a recent encounter with a grizzly bear, which after giving him a death hug, tearing him all over, breaking his arm and scratching out his eye, had left him for dead. As we rode away, for the sun was sinking, he said, courteously, "You are not an American. I know from your voice that you are a countrywoman of mine. I hope you will allow me the pleasure of calling on you."* This man, known through the territories and beyond

* Of this unhappy man, who was shot nine months later within two miles of his cabin, I write in the subsequent letters only as he appeared to me. His life, without doubt, was deeply stained with crimes and vices, and his reputation for ruffianism was a deserved one. But in my intercourse with him I saw more of his nobler instincts than of the darker parts of his character, a character which, unfortunately for himself and others, showed itself in its worst colours at the time of his tragic end.

them as "Rocky Mountain Jim," or, more briefly, as "Mountain Jim," is one of the famous scouts of the Plains, and is the original of some daring portraits in fiction concerning Indian frontier warfare. So far as I have at present heard, he is a man for whom there is now no room, for the time for blows and blood in this part of Colorado is past, and the fame of many daring exploits is sullied by crimes which are not easily forgiven here. He now has a "squatter's claim," but makes his living as a trapper, and is a complete child of the mountains. Of his genius, and chivalry to women, there does not appear to be any doubt; but he is a desperate character, and is subject to "ugly fits," when people think it best to avoid him. It is here regarded as an evil that he has located himself at the mouth of the only entrance to the Park, for he is dangerous with his pistols, and it would be safer if he were not here. His besetting sin is indicated in the verdict pronounced on him by my host: "When he's sober Jim's a perfect gentleman; but when he's had liquor he's the most awful ruffian in Colorado."

From the ridge on which this gulch terminates, at a height of 9,000 feet, we saw at last Estes Park, lying 1,500 feet below in the glory of the setting sun, an irregular basin, lighted up by the bright waters of the rushing Thompson, guarded by sentinel mountains of fantastic shape and monstrous size, with Long's Peak rising above them all in an approachable grandeur, while the Snowy Range, with its outlying spurs heavily timbered, came down upon the Park slashed by stupendous canyons lying deep in purple gloom. The rushing river was blood-red, Long's Peak was aflame, the glory of the glowing heaven was given back from earth. Never, nowhere, have I seen anything to equal the view into Estes Park. The mountains "of the land which is very far off" are very near now, but the near is more glorious than the far, and reality than dreamland. The mountain fever seized me, and, giving my tireless horse one encouraging word, he dashed at full gallop over a mile of smooth sward at delirious speed. But I was hungry, and the air was frosty, and I was wondering what the prospects of food and shelter were in this enchanted region, when we came suddenly upon a small lake, close to which was a very trim-looking log cabin, with a flat mud roof, with four smaller ones, picturesquely dotted about near it, two *corrals*,* a long shed, in front of which a steer was being killed, a log dairy, with a water-wheel, some hay-piles, and various evidences of comfort; and two men, on serviceable horses, were just bringing in some tolerable cows to be milked. A short, pleasant-looking man ran up to me and shook hands gleefully, which surprised me; but he has since told me that in the evening light he thought I was "Mountain Jim, dressed up!" I recognised in him a countryman, and he introduced himself as Griffith Evans, a Welshman from the slate quarries near Llanberis. When the cabin-door was opened I saw a good-sized log room, unchinked, however, with windows of infamous glass, looking two ways; a rough stone fireplace, in which pine logs, half as large as I am, were burning; a boarded floor, a round table, two rocking-chairs, a carpet-covered backwoods couch, and skins, Indian bows and arrows,

* A *corral* is a fenced enclosure for cattle. This word, with *branco*, *ranch*, and a few others, are adaptations from the Spanish, and are used as extensively throughout California and the territories as is the Spanish or Mexican saddle.

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wampum belts, and antlers fitly decorated the rough walls, and equally fitly rifles were stuck up in the corners. Seven men, smoking, were lying about on the floor, a sick man lay on the couch, and a middle-aged lady sat at the table writing. I went out again and asked Evans if he could take me in, expecting nothing better than a shakedown; but, to my joy, he told me he could give me a cabin to myself, two minutes' walk from his own. So in this glorious upper world, with the mountain pines behind and the clear lake in front, in the "blue hollow at the foot of Long's Peak," at a height of 7,500 feet, where the hoar frost crisps the grass every night of the year, I have found far more than I ever dared to hope for.

PRACTICAL SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

IV.—FOOD, EATING, AND DRINKING.

IT is difficult to say where there is most waste in the preparation of food, especially amongst those who need it most—I mean such as are compelled to perform much life-consuming labour—and have least money wherewith to buy it. Take grain first. When we want to fatten a pig in the best way we feed him with barley-meal, which is simply barley, ground. We do not sift out the finer portions, but give it to him as it comes from the mill. But when we set about feeding ourselves with wheat, which is the staff of human life, we begin by eliminating its most nourishing part. It is well to winnow the corn and divide the chaff from the grain, but having thus got the grain which feeds man, we proceed, after grinding it, to discard a great portion of the result merely because a foolish fashion has said that bread should be white. The darker ingredients of ground corn should be eaten if we are to get the good which corn can do us, but they darken the loaf, and so they are thrown aside. A white loaf means wasted wheat. The portion, moreover, which we reject really represents, or approaches, flesh. We reject it, and then are led by the craving of the body to eat more meat. We lose by not using the whole of the grain, and we lose by having to buy more meat to make up for what we throw aside. The waste of nutritive power caused by the ordinary way in which bread is prepared has been noticed again and again in popular scientific publications, and it surely concerns every one who has the least regard for practical social science. At the risk of repetition I will, therefore, hit this nail again on the head with a quotation from an interesting and instructive work ("Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life"): "The bran or husk of wheat which separated from the fine flour in the mill, and is often condemned to humbler uses, is somewhat more nutritious than either the grain as a whole, or the whiter part of the flour. The nutritive quality of any variety of grain depends very much upon the proportion of gluten which it contains; and the proportion of this in the whole grain, the bran, and the fine flour respectively of the same sample of wheat, are very nearly as follows:—

Whole grain	12 per cent.
Whole bran (outer and inner skins)	14 to 18 „
Fine flour	10 „

By sifting out the bran we render the meal less

nutritious, weight for weight; and when we consider that the bran is rarely less, and is sometimes considerably more, than one-fourth of the whole weight of the grain, we must see that the total separation of the covering of the grain causes much waste of wholesome human food." In other words, in order that our bread may look white, we throw away one loaf out of four. This bad economy is made worse in its effect because the baker, in his desire to provide us with white bread, is tempted to use unwholesome ingredients for the purpose of bleaching it. But common sense seems in this matter to have no chance against prejudice, custom, and taste. Working people with small means and large families persist in buying what they ignorantly and erroneously call "best bread," which is really the least nutritious and most costly that can be made from wheat. It is curious, moreover, that the English labourer despises what large numbers of the sturdiest among the labouring population of Great Britain—I allude to the Scotch—have found out to be excellent food for man—I mean oats. The meal of the oat is distinguished for its richness in gluten, and for containing more fatty matter than any other of our cereal grains. To these two circumstances it owes its eminently nutritious and wholesome character. But because oatmeal does not admit of being baked into a light fermented spongy bread, and must be used in the shape of porridge, the prejudiced English labourer will not touch it. Porridge, however, has this additional recommendation, that it may be quickly prepared; and when mixed with milk, which is often almost inaccessible to the poor in some parts of the country, but is easily obtained in London and most towns, it provides simply the cheapest and most wholesome food that can be given to children. This has been determined, not only by scientific analysis, but by the test of its use in Scotland; and I commend it to the intelligence of my readers as a piece of social science for them to practise and promote.

In speaking of food I have naturally first drawn attention to the grievous waste incurred in the ordinary preparation of bread, which is the staff of life. Millions of poor people throw away one-fourth of the money which they spend upon bread merely because they like to see their loaf white, and miss the value of oatmeal because it must needs be eaten in the shape of porridge, and they blindly despise any preparation of corn which is not baked.

It is to some extent the same with meat. Roast meat, especially roast beef, is the representative historical food of Englishmen. And there can be nothing better. Roasting, if the joint be set at first before a bright, strong fire, so as to seal its pores and keep its goodness inside, is the best way in which a joint can be cooked. So say sentiment, taste, and experts, in united chorus. Perhaps broiling, as it is summarily accomplished in a London "grill-room," is a still more perfect process when applied to smaller pieces of meat, for it is really the nearest approach to instantaneous roasting. Now mark what the artisan's wife often does. She seldom (more is the pity) gets a large *bona fide* joint for roasting. The Sunday shoulder of mutton, with potatoes under it, goes to the baker's; and though baking is not so effective as roasting, the result is savoury. But when she buys scraps of meat, she almost invariably fries them. Now, although frying is well suited for some kinds of fish and vegetables, it is on strong scientific authority stated to be an objectionable form of cooking

meat, since the heat reaches it through the medium of oil or fat, and makes the food less nutritious. The excellence of the effect caused by quick roasting or broiling is altogether missed. The smell of the procedure is unquestionably potent, but the result is needlessly defective. The Frenchman knows better. Out of small portions of meat he will produce a much more nutritious dish by boiling them, with not too much water, and eating the whole mess with the liquid in which it has been boiled. Thus he loses none of the nutritive properties of the flesh. Moreover, he thus utilises the more hopeless and unpromising scraps. They are made to render all the life-supporting power they possess; and a judicious addition of vegetables and bread, with suitable seasoning, produces a soup which is not merely nourishing, but toothsome, and which retains all the solid parts of the meat. But our English peasant despises "spoon" victuals. He has no idea of the almost invariable vessel of the humble French household, the "pot au feu," the pot, long simmering on the small fire, into which pieces which could hardly be cooked in any other fashion, find their way, with varied garden stuff, and which greets the returning labourer with a wholesome, warm, and cheap meal. An English cottager, on the contrary, though earning, perhaps, better wages, often comes home to dry and uninviting food, with no taste of meat about it, because the housewife was unable to buy a small joint at the butcher's. This unsavoury supper too often leads the tired workman to refresh himself with more beer than is good for him. I am afraid that, in respect to the preparation of meals, the proverb, at least in England, is rarely fulfilled, that "Necessity is the mother of invention." The poorest people are often really the most wasteful in the choice and cooking of such food as they can procure. The fire, too, which they can afford to maintain, especially in summer, when it is needed only for culinary purposes, is not, except perhaps at the pit's mouth, where coal is dirt cheap, strong enough to roast or broil meat properly, but a very little keeps a pot simmering, and a stew is not only tasty, but it eminently makes the most of the least. Nothing is thereby wasted of what is cooked, and much may be made to contribute to the nutritive power of the dish which could hardly have been prepared for wholesome and palatable food in any other way.

There are other modes in which good cheap material, such as Australian meat, can be very economically and agreeably made to provide a variety in diet. Potato-pie is, for instance, one of the nicest and most easily prepared of the least costly dishes; but how few of our poorer housewives ever think of making it for their families and husbands! I am not going to set forth a programme of cheap cookery, there are many little manuals which do that; but it can hardly be possible to protest too strongly against the prejudiced, wasteful, and unattractive way in which thousands of working people feed themselves, when, with the least exercise of practical social science, their meals might be more varied, plentiful, and wholesome. I lately had a series of instructions on cheap cookery delivered by experts from the school at Kensington, to which a lecture by Mr. Buckmaster formed an entertaining and carefully suggestive introduction; but though there was a crowded population of working people all around the building in which these evening instructions were given, hardly any cared even to hear what could be said about the

matter. I rejoice to think that cookery forms part of the instruction in Board and divers other schools, and can only hope that the next generation of artisans may have a chance of being benefited by this form of practical social science, and that *their* wives will not sneer at the bare suggestion of such "degrading diet" as, for instance, Australian meat, nor think twopence, the price of a glass of beer, too precious to be spent in learning from the best teachers how to make the most of scanty means in regard to the preparation of food.

To leave this branch of our subject, and pass from the case of such as make the least of what they have or might procure, something might be said of those who make too much of it. I am sure that many people eat a great deal more than they need. There is unsuspected and mischievous intemperance in meat as well as in drink. A basis of physical truth lies beneath the ecclesiastical weekly fast. Many a man could escape from his humours by deliberate abstinence, and feel a marked improvement in body, and therefore in mind, by occasionally fasting. It is no doubt better for him to be continuously moderate in his diet, but the cutting off or severe curtailing of the supplies for even a day would agreeably surprise some who unconsciously eat too much. I am not speaking of epicures or gluttons. I refer to people who always have plenty of pleasant though plain food upon their tables, take perhaps three full meals a day, and never think of stinting themselves unless obliged to do so by the occurrence of some "unaccountable" fit of indisposition. In many cases this is caused simply by excess in eating. Hearty meals need hearty exercise. The "navvy," who works exceptionally hard, can dispose of much solid food without indigestion or obesity. Indeed, we seldom see a fat labouring man. But when people of sedentary habits talk of this or that "disagreeing" with them, it is mostly the quantity, not the quality, of the food they take that does the mischief. It is possible for the appetite as well as the girth of the over-fed body to grow together. The man I am thinking of is not aware that he eats too much, he does not know what a measure of abstinence would do for him. He has never abstained, except from palpably excessive intemperance, and accepts as the normal condition of life those occasionally unpleasant sensations to which he would not be liable if he ate less. What I here say obviously applies with most force in the case of those whose frame has reached its full growth, and who take little exercise. We must not be too hard upon the appetite of a growing boy or girl. They have to provide not only for the waste of tissue, but for the increase of their fabric. They don't drop asleep after the heartiest meal. They can get up from it, and go to play at once. The idea of "exercise," as desirable, never enters their heads. But when a man of sedentary habits and ordinary health feels drowsy at inopportune times, and has to set the machinery of judgment in operation in order to "take a walk," when he finds himself growing stiffer and less active than his years alone would make him, when he perceives that his clothes are not so easy as they were, it is ten to one but that he is daily over-eating himself. If he seeks personal ease he had much better lessen his meals than let out his waistcoat. Mr. Banting became famous because he showed how an excess of fat could be checked by abstinence from certain fat-producing food; but his process involved the risk of losing that balance of nutrition

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which is necessary for health. It is a much more safe and simple thing for a man who is growing too heavy, to eat less of everything. Depend upon it there is no more wholesome personal use of practical social science for thousands of well-to-do respectable people than to cut their meals short. They are not exactly in bad health, but they are often "ailing." Common sense might tell them not only that bulk of person depends in most cases directly upon bulk of food, but that the occasional uneasiness which accompanies a continuously well or full-fed life might be dissipated by deliberate abstinence. The process, indeed, involves some commonplace self-denial, but this is one of the inevitable conditions of all healthy existence.

To these remarks on moderation in eating I would add a word about variety in diet. There are divers wholesome articles of food which, if continuously eaten alone, would at last fail to support life. They contain only some ingredients necessary to this end, and cannot by themselves, however abundantly supplied, preserve the balance of nutrition. Milk is the single article of natural food that serves alone to sustain the animal body. All the rest are without some element of sustenance, and must be combined with others which possess what they are defective in. The mixing of oil or butter with rice, the eating of fat bacon with beans, and of cheese with bread, rests upon a true scientific basis. I would add that butter and sugar are by no means to be set down as mere luxuries which could be dispensed with without prejudice to health. They contain, in a marked degree, some essential elements of life-sustaining food. I have read of children, however, being led to abstain from sugar, in order that they may thus practise some wholesome self-denial. It is, no doubt, self-denial in a child so to abstain, and lay by the coppers thus saved, in order to give its mite to a charitable object. But though the moral process involved in this abstinence may be healthy, the physical one is not. The child had better be encouraged to stint itself in some other way than the cutting off a supply which the body really needs. Sugar, like butter, means coal for the engine of life. It gives needful heat, and is not one of the superfluities of diet. Certain articles of food are "nice" to us because nature tells us that we require them. Indeed, much severe nonsense may be talked about the indulgence of the palate. What is the sense of taste given to us for but that we may distinguish desirable food? I venture to believe that what a man naturally likes is, as a rule, the most wholesome for him. I say naturally, for there are morbid or artificial tastes which, when learnt and indulged in to excess, lead to very grievous mischief. For instance, the taste for alcohol is not natural; a child, left to itself, is almost sure to dislike it. But when a taste for spirits has been acquired, it may, and often does, result in a craving more intense than any other appetite of the mouth. In respect, however, to accepted and universally used articles of food, I hold to my belief that the palate is the best guide as to what a man should eat. If he dislikes something which is generally accounted wholesome and which others relish, it is a sign that he had better not eat it. There have been instances in which a strong disinclination is felt for some kind of flesh. There are people, for instance, who, as we say, "cannot touch" rabbit. This must not be put down to mere fancifulness on their part. It is rather a protest of nature and to be respected. This

is especially the case in regard to children. They are sometimes unjustly accused of daintiness, because they resent this or that which others like and find to be wholesome. Of course there is such a thing as daintiness, and it should be discouraged; but I pity the child which is sternly told that it must eat, say, a quantity of fat which, unasked for, has been put upon its plate, before it can be allowed a share of some following dish which it likes. The brat, maybe, bolts the mess with repugnance, and probably without mastication, having its eye on the subsequent sweet pudding. But I doubt if the fat thus bolted does it much good; and it is obvious that any tendency the child may have towards daintiness, or a greedy appetite for some "nice" dish, is really intensified, since it learns to make a special effort in order to get what it fancies. Depend upon it, the palate is our best guide as to what we should eat; and, as I have said, it is the *quantity*, rather than the *quality*, of the food taken which makes it "disagree" with the eater. In all the conduct of life, whether it be in work or play, speech or silence, as well as in the use of our bodily appetite, he is most wise who knows when to stop, and most strong who puts this knowledge into practice. "When and how to stop" is, indeed, a question most intimately connected with practical social science.

It will at once occur to my readers that this applies most aptly to drinking rather than eating, especially to the drinking of fermented liquors. Many say that, in every case, whether a man be likely to exceed or not, it is better not to begin at all. Then there is no question of stopping. Certainly "drink" ruins millions. The amount of alcohol consumed in our country is appalling. And by far the greater portion of it is simply and immediately disastrous in its effects. It directly checks religion, decency, and health. And it is so subtle and insidious in the accumulation of its influence that I do not wonder at many good men protesting against any use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage. I am, moreover, convinced that it is best for those who do not know when to stop to become total abstainers.

At the same time I am sure that many who do not drink to excess, as commonly understood, take far more than is good for them. And I give the full credit of their devotion and self-denial to those who, though not likely to exceed, abstain for the sake of encouraging such as ought, but want the moral courage, to do so. Let a man act up to his convictions in this matter.

Varieties.

THE HIBERNATION OF SWALLOWS.—The Duke of Argyll has sent an interesting communication to "Nature" on this subject. His grace says:—"Having frequently heard my brother-in-law, Sir John McNeill, relate a circumstance which occurred to himself, proving that swallows do occasionally lie dormant, I wrote to him asking him for the particulars." Sir John in his reply says:—"In your letter, received last night, you tell me of an article in 'Nature,' the author of which seems to deny that swallows never hibernate, and asserts that no one has yet testified to the fact from his own personal knowledge. That, however, is a mistake, for I have stated, and I now repeat, that I have seen

swallows hibernating in large numbers. The circumstances were these: About twenty-five miles south of Teheran, the capital of Persia, there is a village called Kenara-gird, near which is a stream of brackish water, running in a deep bed, with nearly perpendicular banks some forty or fifty feet high. Being largely impregnated with salt, this stream is rarely, if ever, frozen, and in frosty weather is resorted to by flights of wild ducks. During a frost of unusual severity, I went from Teheran to Kenara-gird, accompanied by Sir Henry Rawlinson, for the purpose of duck-shooting, the severity of the frost promising good sport. Having slept at the village, the next morning we followed the downward course of the stream, along the north bank, and had proceeded about a mile, I should think, when we came to a place where there had quite recently been a small landslip. The brink of the bank, to the extent of, perhaps, twenty feet in length and ten or twelve broad in the middle, tapering off to each end, had slipped, but had not fallen down the bank. Between this detached portion and the perpendicular face, about ten feet high, from which it had broken off, we saw, to our great surprise, a number of swallows—not less, I am sure, than twenty or thirty—lying, as I at first supposed, dead; but, on taking up one of them, I found that it was alive, but dormant. It was warm, and its breathing was quite perceptible. I examined a considerable number, and found that they were all alive and breathing, but none of them gave any sign of consciousness. My attention was then attracted to the perpendicular face on our left, from which the slip had broken off, and which was perforated by a vast number of holes, each about the size of a rat-hole. On looking into such of these as I was tall enough to see into, I found in all of them swallows in the same dormant state. I was able with finger and thumb to pull out swallows from several of these holes, and in each case found that the hole, which penetrated horizontally a considerable way into the bank, contained more swallows in the same condition. In no case did I see one lying on another; they were all lying singly, with their heads inwards, each head touching the tail of the bird before it. How far these holes penetrated into the bank, or what number of swallows each contained, I did not ascertain, but it is plain that the original entrance to these dormitories must have been in the external face of the portion that had slipped, which, as I have stated, was in the middle from ten to twelve feet thick. The holes in the undisturbed portion may probably have been of equal or greater length, and if so, the number of swallows hibernating there must have amounted to many hundreds." The Duke of Argyll adds: "Gilbert White's conviction that swallows do occasionally lie dormant in this country was mainly founded on the fact that instances are not uncommon of swallows appearing suddenly during warm, sunny days in winter, and again disappearing on the return of cold. This fact it is certainly very difficult to account for on any other supposition."

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES OF DATES.—In the February number of the "Leisure Hour" are some remarkable coincidences of dates. The following may be added:—

The death of Robespierre and the overthrow of his faction	1794
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The overthrow of Napoleon I	1815
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The overthrow of Charles X	1830
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The death of the Duke of Orleans, and which in a great measure caused the overthrow of the Orleans Dynasty.	1842

DOCTORS' BILLS AND FEES.—The columns of the "Times" lately had many letters on the subject of doctors' fees. Mr. Sala, in his ever-interesting column in the "Illustrated London News," indited the following paragraphs, very characteristic in their way. The generous defence of the profession is not more

noticeable than the frank tone of the personal allusions, which will be valuable some day:—"All the stingy people in London seem to have come to the front for the purpose of abusing the doctors because they do not always give dates and items in the accounts which they furnish to their patients, but make instead a certain charge for 'medical attendance.' I own myself that I am somewhat prejudiced in the matter. I have had in my day a great deal to do with doctors, and I have found them, as a rule, the noblest, the most humane, and the most charitable of mankind. When I was young I was a miserable little object—blind, and deaf, and strumous. I remember to have been taken to Mr. Alexander, to Sir Wathyn Waller, to Sir Benjamin Brodie, to Sir James Clarke, to Sir Mathew Tierney, to the two Lawrences (him of Brighton and him of the 'Lectures on Man'), and to the two Guthries (father and son). My mother was only a poor widow woman who taught singing; and I know that not one of these good doctors ever took so much as a penny fee from her. Much more recently have I had to do with the faculty, and but that the physicians and surgeons who have been kind to me are living, and would not like to have their good deeds published, I would 'name names.'"—"Nor did I ever find that I was 'fleece'd' by the 'family' doctor or the 'general practitioner,' whom from time to time I have had to call in—very often from his warm bed, on a wet night, at one a.m. It strikes me very forcibly that, so far from being 'fleece'd' by the general practitioner, we are often apt (unconsciously, of course) to fleece him by cruelly deferring the payment of his bill. Why should we make him wait six months or a year for his due? He has his rent and taxes and his butcher and baker to pay, as we have, and very frequently his carriage to keep. Is he to eat lint and stethoscopes, or sustain nature by the hypodermic injection of morphia or the external exhibition of collodion? We should pay our doctors promptly, and then we should know what they are charging us for; and if there are any general practitioners who have any little outstanding claims against me, I hope that they will send in their accounts forthwith. I have no money, it is true; but, after all, there is something in acknowledging one's indebtedness, it shows a kind of Conscience."

PERSONAL STATISTICS.—The compact little volume, "Who's Who in 1878," supplies us with the following items of information:—The oldest member of Her Majesty's Privy Council is Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, G.C.B., aged ninety; the youngest, His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, aged twenty-five. The oldest duke is the Duke of Portland, aged seventy-eight; the youngest, the Duke of Montrose, aged twenty-six. The oldest marquis is the Marquis of Donegall, aged eighty-one; the youngest, Marquis Camden, aged six. The oldest earl in the House of Peers is Earl Bathurst, aged eighty-seven, though the oldest bearer of that title is the Earl of Kilmorey, an Irish peer, aged ninety; the youngest is the Earl of Hopetoun, aged eighteen. The oldest viscount is Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, aged ninety; the youngest, Viscount Clifden, aged fifteen. The oldest baron is Chelmsford, aged eighty-four; the youngest, Lord Southampton, aged eleven. The oldest member of the House of Commons is the Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, M.P. for Oxfordshire, aged eighty-five; the youngest, Viscount Helmsley, M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire, aged twenty-six. The oldest judge in England is the Right Hon. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice, aged eighty-two; the youngest, the Right Hon. Alfred Henry Thesiger, Justice of Appeal, aged forty. The oldest judge in Ireland is the Hon. James O'Brien, of the Court of Queen's Bench, aged seventy-two; the youngest, the Right Hon. Christopher Palles, LL.D., Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, aged forty-seven. The oldest of the Scotch Lords of Session is Robert Macfarlane, Lord Ormidale, aged seventy-six; the youngest, Alexander Burns Shand, Lord Shand, aged forty-nine. The oldest prelate of the Church of England is the Right Rev. Alfred Ollivant, Bishop of Landaff, aged eighty; the youngest is the Right Rev. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, aged forty-two. The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. John Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged eighty; the youngest is his son, the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of Ossory and Ferns, aged forty-four. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross, aged seventy-four; the youngest the Right Rev. George R. Mackarness, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged fifty-five. The oldest baronet is Sir Richard John Griffith, aged ninety-four; the youngest, Sir Thomas Lewis Hughes Neave, aged four. The oldest knight is Major-General Sir John George Woodford, K.C.B., aged ninety-three; the youngest, Sir Ludlow Cotter, aged twenty-five.